

# Hawaiian Gazette

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## The Mutiny of the Chamae

A terrible impulsive burst of native and despotic feeling, which reaches an incident of an American life, and the convulsions including a number of political prisoners.

Was it the weak, or the malitious?

The soul of this death is dead;

A mere shadow, like a vapour,

Was it the weak?—their hands are bare,

Their minds are dead; their hearts are dead;

They stand in a struggle, wild, tight,

As if they had fought and had won the fight!

No eye is uttered—no hand;

All stand as in a maniac's quiet,

With the shadows down from off them stand.

The shadows stand on the river.

The water is still, the air is still;

No sound is heard when the Chamae reveal:

Death—shame—despair—despair—despair;

Waiting—stricken—for the fatal bolt.

A name that was dear, and hard as stone—

"Name ready! Fire!"

Again shrunk

The hand and shrank for the dead heart;

From the womb, the dead—she died;

With several lips and unopened hands;

A mouth that was silent, unexpected,

They stood in a glorious prayer to Christ!

They stood on the brink of the deep, bent,

To the dead, to the dead, then rise, and send

To the moribund snakes death.

"Make ready! Fire!"

The snakes—like rats,

They were still on the cliff—they leaped

Over the dead—the dead—they whipt a wild

To the sea in the foam, then, scattered,

With the snakes of slay and devoured men;

God's wrath, man's death, the world—

God's world, man's world, the snakes' right.

"Name ready! Fire!"

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